THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 1979 *Tuesday, April,* 15, 1828. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

Othello, with the powerful talent engaged in its representation, of course drew an overflowing house, last night. *The Forty Theives* concluded, and was greatly applauded.

Drury Lane Theatre.

NOTHING could possibly prove more satisfactorily the good taste of the public, than the "beggarly account of empty boxes" this Theatre displayed, last night, on the revival of that mass of monstrous and unnatural absurdities, the Tragedy (so called) of *Adelgitha.* There was Mrs. Duff, the new tragic actress; the bewitching Maria Foot; young Kean in a new character; to say nothing of the talents of Mr. Wallack and Mr. Cooper, yet all these united attractions, failed to give eclat to the revival of *Adelgitha.*

Mrs. Duff, who is a sister to the wife of Tom Moore, the poet, consequently a pet of the "leading journals," appeared some weeks ago in *Isabella,* and all but failed; we must confess her *Adelgitha,* last night, was more successful; she has many requisites for the stage, but even in the present melancholy dearth of female tragic talent, cannot hope to take the lead in Tragedy at a Metropolitan Theatre. Mrs. Duff has good sense, and understands thoroughly her author, but she is deficient in physical capability, and if she occasionally does clever things, the effect of them is marred by a failure following upon an excellency. She was most successful, last night, in her expression of grief; where strong developement of passion was required, Mrs. Duff was ineffective; she has, nevertheless, talents, which, in a quieter line of character, may be of service to the Theatre. Miss Foote was a lovely *Imma;* it is a part within the compass of her tragic powers, and she played it naturally, and with considerable pathos. Mr. Kean, jun. made but a sorry *Lothair;* he displayed, last night, more than his usual defects, and less of his excellences. Mr. Kean can work himself gradually up to represet strong passion, but when he is suddenly called upon to exhibit it, his failures are ludicrous.—Wallack played *Michael Ducas* with considerable judgment; so did Cooper, *Guiscard,* but nothing could render the inflated and bombastic language and unnaturally horrid situations of this play, at all interesting, and it was received with apathy. *The Highland Reel,* and *The Dumb Savoyard* concluded.—The house became tolerably full at half-price.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and many of the Nobility were present at the French performances last night.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, the Opera of

Love in a Village.

Sir William Meadows, Mr EGERTON,
Justice Woodcock..... Mr W. FARREN,
Young Meadows, Mr SAPIO,
Who will introduce "*Oft in the Stilly Night.*"
Hawthorn, Mr WOOD, Eustace, Mr DURUSET,
Hodge, Mr KEELEY,
Footman, Mr MEARS, Carter, Mr EVANS.
Rosetta....Miss STEPHENS, who will introduce
'*Savourneen deelish,*' & '*Lo! here the gentle Lark.*'
Deborah Woodcock, Mrs DAVENPORT,
Lucinda..Miss CAWSE, Madge..Miss KELLY,
Cook, Mr Turnour, Housemaid, Mrs Wilson.

After which, first time, a new Piece, in 1 act, called

A Race for a Dinner.

Sponge, Mr WRENCH,
Doric, Mr BLANCHARD, Lovel, Mr FITZHARRIS,
Dalton, Mr BAKER, Feedwell, Mr EVANS,
Measureton, Mr HORREBOW, Frank, Mr HOLL,
Gammon, Mr ATKINS, Waiter, Mr HEATH.

After which, (8th time) a new Entertainment, called

The Somnambulist.

M. de Rosambert, Mr WRENCH,
Edmund Beauchamp.....Mr DIDDEAR,
Colin de Trop, Mr KEELEY,
M. le Notaire, Mr EVANS, Villager, Mr HENRY,
Oliver, Mr MEADOWS.
Ernestine Dormeuil, (an Orphan) Miss KELLY,
Dame Michaud, Mrs DAVENPORT,
Madame Gertrude.....Miss GOWARD,
Marcelline, Miss HENRY, Village Lass, Miss Bates.

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Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, the Comedy of

The Poor Gentleman.

Sir Robert Bramble, Mr DOWTON, Frederick, Mr JONES,
Lieutenant Worthington, Mr COOPER, Ollapod, Mr MATHEWS,
Stephen Harrowby, Mr HARLEY, Corp. Foss, Mr LISTON,
Sir C. Cropland, Mr HOOPER, Farmer Harrowby, Mr SHERWIN,
Warner, Mr THOMPSON, Humphrey Dobbins, Mr WEBSTER.
Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, Mrs DAVISON, Mary, Miss NICOL,
Emily, Miss E. TREE, Dame Harrowby, Mrs FIELD.

After which, the Farce of

Love, Law, & Physic.

Doctor Camphor, Mr W. BENNETT,
Captain Danvers, Mr HOOPER, Andrew, Mr TAYLEURE,
Lubin Log, Mr LISTON,
John Brown, Mr HUGHES, Coachman, Mr YARNOLD.
Flexible, Mr MATHEWS,
Who will introduce "The Humours of a Playhouse."
Mrs Hillary, Mrs ORGER,
Laura, Miss I. PATON, Maid, Miss WESTON.

To which will be added, (8th time) a new Afterpiece, called

The Dumb Savoyard,

And His Monkey.

The Overture and new Music by Mr. R. Hughes—The Scenery by Messrs. Standfield, Andrews, Adams, and Marinani.
The Action arranged by Mr. W. Barrymore.

Count Giovanni Maldicini, (*a State Prisoner*) Mr YOUNGE,
Florin, (*his Infant Son*) Miss LANE,
Herr Vatchvell, (*an old Soldier, Keeper of the Prison*) Mr BROWNE,
Sturmwald, (*Keeper of the Ferry at Ober Wesel*) Mr WEBSTER,
Piponetto, (*the Dumb Savoyard*) Mrs BARRYMORE,
Marmazette, (*his Monkey*) Master WIELAND,
Rapinstein, Fiercenfold, Riflestaff, } *Chiefs of the Mountain Band,* { Mr HOWELL, Mr BARNES, Mr BARTLETT
Spielsburgh, Mr C. JONES,
Leopoldstadt, (*Captain of the Guard*) Mr YARNOLD,
The Band—Messrs. Hope, Brady, Brown, Gregory, Smith, &c.
Teresa Vanopa, (*Hostess of the Black Eagle*) Mrs C. JONES,
Celestina, Countess Maldicini, Mrs W. WEST,
Principle Dancers—Mr and Mrs Noble, *Dancing Villagers*—Misses Ryal, Zerbini, Macdonald, Chikini.

This Evening, will be performed the Opera of

Il Barbiere di Seviglia.

CHARACTERS BY

Mademoiselle SONTAG, *her first appearance.*
Signor CURIONI,
Signor PELLEGRINI, Signor DE ANGELI,
Signor DEVILLE, Signor PORTO,
Madame CASTELLI.

At the End of the first Act

A FAVOURITE DIVERTISSEMENT.

To conclude with

A FAVOURITE BALLET.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so a to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town. Now, may I beg the favor—pardon the liberty—never liked to be troublesome—but would you be so kind, from time to time—just for the information of my friends—as to allow your most useful Periodical to become the channel for announcing to them where I may be met with on the several days of the week. Monday—I will be found seated at the *Diorama*, in the Regent's Park, anxiously admiring the two new Views, the charming Village of Unterseen, and the Cloisters of St. Wandrille—quite bewitching!—About two I pop in to see Mr. Burford's Marine Panorama of the *Battle of Navarino*, Strand—awfully grand—the din of war and conflagration is truly alarming—Britons bulwark—love our navy. Tuesday—I loiter about the Quadrant—generally drop in at my old friend *Alexander Lee's* Music Warehouse—think it very superb—find him busy composing a new Opera. Wednesday I wander through the various departments of that elegant Establishment, the Royal Bazaar Exhibition, 73, Oxford Street, and view The Works of Art, and British Diorama.—At 3 I shall be found, with my Spectacles off, admiring the truly grand display of the Wonders of Nature—I don't mean the Naturals called Fops; but the *Microscopic* Wonders, exhibited by Mr. Carpenter, the Optician, in Regent Street. Afterwards I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in the same street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Work shop.—On Thursday—I qualify Mrs. P—'s discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found between 1 and 4 o'clock at the *Apollonicon*; and on our return, drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* beautiful Needle-Work. Friday—I drop into the *Cosmorama*, where the conflagration is really alarming, and where one can enjoy shade and sunshine, and the beauties of variegated Scenery, with the utmost delight—love rural views—change 1st. of May. In the same Street, at the Argyll Rooms, I may be found on Saturday, inspecting the celebrated *Rock Salt Mine*—Ten enchanting views—done by Kopelant, exactly from nature.—Most evenings I enjoy a Cup of excellent Coffee, and the finest Cigars in London, at the celebrated Cigar Divan, King Street, Covent Garden.—but I intrude—beg pardon. Your's, PAUL PRY.

P. S. When any new arrangement occurs, will let you know.